

File: H_A_Hall_1948_04_09.doc
Transcribed 11 July 2010 by IB
Typed 2 Dec 2011 by IB
Checked against MS 14 March 2012

Aubrey Hall to Margaret Wilson, 9 April 1948

9.4.1948

Dear Marg

Thanks for yours of the 4th and for sending on Joanee's letters so promptly, the latter returned herewith.

Murray is having the same job at 36 regarding gates that I had at Carnarvon, there were if I remember 6 there, most of them in a most unco-operative condition.

What has happened regarding the furniture, books &c Mother left in the Carnarvon house?

Please thank Judy for her letter & tell her I will write to her one of these wet weekends.

I expect she will gradually come to like the Swanbourne School better than the Thomas Street and probably she misses the daily adventure of the tram ride, the absence of which must be a relief to you.

In justice to the State Schools I must admit that they "put over" a better curriculum than the Public Schools, but the general result is of the "Mass Production" quality that furnishes nearly all the problems of the Children's Court. Such as the lad in the papers recently who almost as soon as he secured an Office Boy job tried to forge & change a cheque on his employers a/c or the girl of thirteen who admitted in Court to having sexual intercourse with seven boys in one evening at the Pictures.

Don't mention it, but I shall be very very thankful to have Joan safely back in WA I don't want to worry her in the slightest with my anxieties whilst she satisfies her roaming desires, yet accidents like this recent one at Cardup, when the Driver of a bus, a young married man, had a piece of 4 x 4 driven through his vitals makes me uneasy.

Cardup was the old home of your great grandfather George Lazenby, he opened a Clay pit there, built a two storey brick home, damd Cardup Brook, built a water mill to grind his & his neighbours corn, bred horses & cattle, opened a slate quarry on the property to furnish his dairy with slate shelves whereon to set the milk dishes for coolness, ditto the Cheese moulds.

Incidentally the abos broke into the Mill one night and carried off a lot of his flour.

He kept pigs, had a vegetable garden & fruit trees & had one of the earliest orange orchards. When he first came out he bought land in what is now the centre of Perth & built about a dozen cottages thereon, plus a big house for his family. All this [?bar] the home property he gradually sold to build up Cardup. Alas! Had he sold Cardup & hung on to his Perth property his grandchildren would now own a large part of Hay & Wellington Streets.

When his son John was old enough to manage Cardup, grandfather returned to his Perth home and secured the appointment of Clerk to the Town Trust, as Perth Municipality was then styled. Then it was he supervised the building of the Town Hall. He only had two sons, the second one Sam was killed by his diving Abos on the Island off the mouth of the Fortescue River.

I can full appreciate the situation when Alan "helps" his Father with his work.

Hope all goes well with Rachael & Co & that young [?Denry] stands up to his responsibilities.

Harry Carey prophesied Rachael would have to leave him & come home inside twelve months.

I am holding on to the project of the Westralian Farmers job, am to get in touch with [?Braine] again in Sept, if successful will then be freer to

work towards Joan's scheme and if Joan changes her plans, no harm will be done as I don't want to stay on here indefinitely.

I wrote to Mother and thanked her for her generous offer in re the Insurance debt & explained that I didn't wish to cut into her little bit of capital, instead I want to help towards a place that will be a home, not a business, a rallying point for you girls & the grand children.

We are crutching at the moment, which necessitates bringing in & taking away 5000 sheep. We are having occasional drizzles that only spoil the dry feed, incidentally I have been [?damped] twice & acquired a [?lame back].

O'Neill kindly suggested that "I [?lie] off", but it is a busy time & anyhow riding is the best cure I know for lame backs, lying up only seems to prolong the trouble.

Can't complain, haven't had an attack since I was camped on the Lyndon with the Yaringa sheep, must be 7 years ago. That time it was much worse, took me about 5 minutes to climb on to my horse.

Mrs Boddington sent me a box of Meringues recently & O'Neill a Jar of Mint Sauce. They move to Alex Grant's property [?Yangit] at the end of the month, when the Govt take over the place that adjoins us.

I shall miss them greatly.

If I live to see Joan as happily situated as you & Constance & Mother with a roof of her own I shall pass on contentedly.

Love

Dad